

Bear made a list:



Tummy full – TICK.

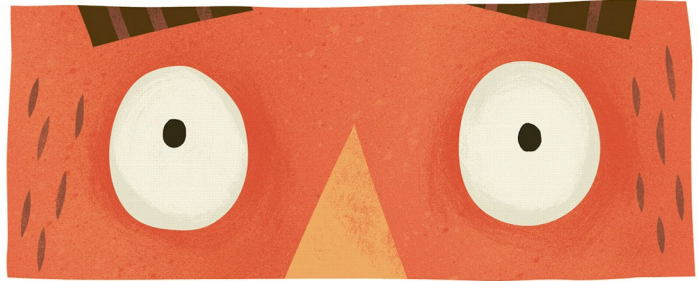
Blanket fluffy – TICK.

Cave cosy – TICK.

He gently closed his eyes,



**but . . .**



He could **not** sleep.

*Oh dear!* thought Bear.

*It's nearly winter and I must go to sleep.*



He tossed and he turned . . .



until the birds started chirping.



It was **morning!**



Bear decided a nice long walk might tire him out.  
He walked until the sun began to set.



Just then he saw Blackbird chirping away at the top  
of a tree, before settling down in his nest to sleep.



*Maybe that will work for me?* thought Bear.

He climbed to the top of the tallest  
tree and began singing:

**GRRROOWWO!**





The branch was uncomfortable on Bear's bottom.  
He fidgeted and he fussed until the sky turned pink.

It was morning **again!**



That day, Bear walked even further.  
He saw Badger burrowing into his sett for a snooze.



*Perhaps a cosy underground burrow is what I need?*  
thought Bear.